



PLEASANT LOOKING WIFE

Come all you pretty maidens fair and listen unto me
For I'm a sporting bachelor my age is fifty three.
I'm handsome and good natured I would like a blooming wife
If she would please my fancy she'd be happy all her life.

But the lass that I will marry I'll tell to you quite plain
She must be rich & handsome her age just seventeen,
She must be tall & slender & her skin as white as snow,
She must look on me with pleasure wher ever that I go.

She must have her Chignon polished with oil to make it shine
And a saucer bonnet on her head dressed up with ribbons fine
She must be dressed in satin with flounces to her tail
And a hairy thing about her neck to keep her warm & clean

She must trim my whisker brush & polish up my my hat
And wear a bottle front & rear to make her plump & fat
And when we go to market in country or in town
If I chance to court the ladies sure she dare not on me frown

When I come home to dinner the dishes must be laid
And every little article must be nicely prepared
She must smile on me with pleasure & never with disdain
If I scald, her with the kettle sure she dare not to complain

And if in want of money that I should chance to be
She pawn her crin olines and hoops to rise a little spree
She must have my breakfast ready in the morning when I rise
With naggin for to cure me or I'll blacken both her Eyes

When I'm sporting all my money to her I'll not go nigh
But when I'm sick and very bad my wants she must supply
And if she dare abuse me when I return home
I will politely knock her down to smash her collar bone

